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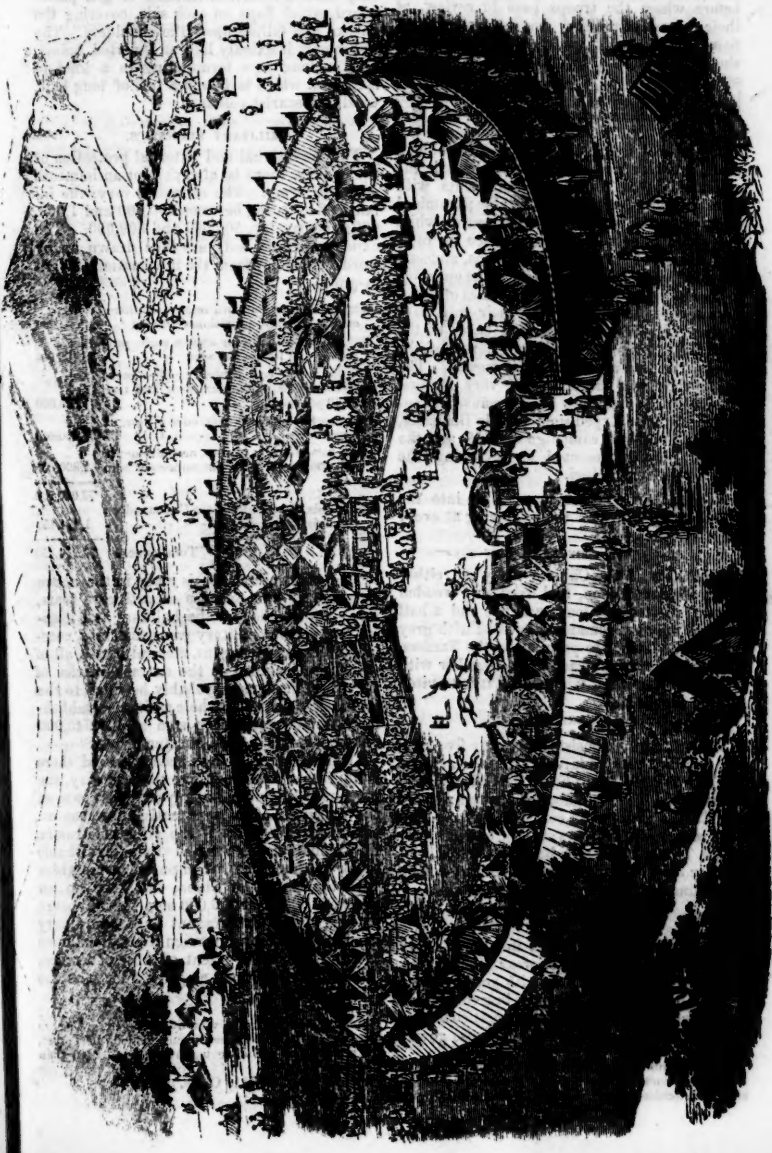

A CHINESE REVIEW AND ENCAMPMENT.

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Our engraving presents a view of a Chinese encampment, circularly shaped, with the tent of the generalissimo of the army in the centre, before whom the troops pass in review, at their respective military exercises and games. Some appear as gymnasts wrestling, others shooting with the bow into broad targets, others performing equestrian feats erect on horseback, or while riding at their swiftest, Parthian-like, discharging their arrows. Homagers are seen bending before the centre pavilion, which is flanked by two other oblong tents, wherein are seated, cross-legged, the commandant mandarins. Great tents with circular domes, as also innumerable pyramidal ones, cover the spaces of the enclosure; while the whole is surrounded by a fence or rampart formed of matting and bamboos, and surmounted by vari-coloured flags. The openings to the encampment are skirted by files of arms, spears, cross-bows, &c., with their respective guards. Picket-tents skirt the bases of the mountains, while the cattle and horses of the troops run loose in the background. The above view was taken by the very learned missionary, S. Johannes Damascenus, just before the Chinese Expedition of Little Bucharia, at the close of the campaign of 1758, and the general here represented as reviewing the troops was Tchao-Hoei.

We shall now enter more fully into the army statistics, which the engraving at every point suggests:—

TENTS.

The tents of the Chinese army are either made of coarse linen, and fixed on a wooden frame, fourteen feet long, and five and a half high, or they are round and covered with grey felts. The latter are peculiar to the Tartars. Five soldiers occupy each tent, together with two camp-followers, whose duty it is to pitch and dismantle it.

BANNERS.

Each company consists of twenty-five men, and has its own standard, which is triangular and about six feet high; hence the Chinese army is estimated by the number of banners; but in the Tartar army each company has one hundred men.* The colours of these banners vary in the Tartar regiments, being either red, yellow, or blue, with or without borders; among the Chinese, they are usually green.

DRESS OF THE SOLDIERY.

The military dress varies in almost every province. Sometimes they wear blue jackets, edged with red, or brown with yellow; some wear long pantaloons; some breeches, with stockings of cotton cloth; others petticoats and boots. The bowmen† wear long loose gowns of blue cotton, stuffed with a kind of felt or wadding, studded all over with brass knobs, and bound round the middle with a girdle, from which the sabre is appended behind, and on the right side, not the left. On the head they wear a helmet of leather, or gilt pasteboard, which flaps on each side, covering the cheeks and falling upon the shoulders. The upper part is exactly like an inverted funnel, with a long pipe terminating in a kind of spear, on which is bound a tuft of long hair, dyed of a scarlet colour.

MILITARY STATISTICS.

For the internal and external protection of the empire, there is always kept an immense standing army. The estimates vary, the infantry fluctuating between 800,000 and 1,000,000; the cavalry, 500,000 and 800,000. The expenses of this body are thus drawn up by Lord Macartney from the information of Van-ta-gin:—

	Oz.
1,000,000 infantry, at two ounces of silver each per month, provisions included	24,000,000
800,000 cavalry, at four ounces each, provisions and forage included	38,400,000
800,000 horses, cost at twenty ounces each, 16,000,000 oz. the annual wear and tear at 10 per cent.	1,600,000
Uniforms for 1,800,000 men, once a-year, at four ounces	7,200,000
Yearly wear and tear of arms, accoutrements and contingencies, at one ounce per man	1,800,000
	73,000,000
Add to this, the salaries of the Commanders, Commissioners, &c.	1,974,450
Total ounces	74,974,450

And as no allowance is made in the above estimate for the expense of artillery, tents, war equipage, nor for the building and keeping in repair the military posts, the flags, ceremonial dresses, waggons, musical bands, all of which are included in the extraordinaries of the army, these may probably be equal to the ordinaries; thus, the whole military establishment would require the sum of 149,948,900 ounces, or 49,982,933*l.* sterling.*

If this be admitted as accurate, and there is no reason for supposing the contrary, the revenue will be found amply sufficient to meet the expences of so apparently enormous an establishment. For, if the King of Prussia, the monarch of a small indistinguishable speck on the globe, when put in comparison with the empire of China, can keep up an army of 180,000 or 200,000 men, there appears nothing either extravagant or extraordinary in supposing that a sovereign whose dominions are eight times the extent of those of France, should have ten times as great a force as the King of Prussia.†

* Huttmann. Annals of Oriental Literature, p. 153.

† The Chinese soldiers all give a preference to the clumsy matchlocks over the firelocks now in use among European troops, for it was by them, according to Van-ta-gin, that, after a severe engagement in Thibet, the matchlocks had done much more execution than the firelocks.

* Barrow's Travels in China, p. 406.

† Ibid. p. 407.

MILITARY RANKS AND TITLES.

The ranks and titles of the officers in the Chinese army are these:—

Tartars.

1. The *Tsyang-Kyun*, or General commanding 3000 men.
2. *Tê-tong*, or Lieutenant general, 1000.
3. *Ku-shan*, or Colonel.
4. *Tso-ling*, or Lieutenant-colonel of Cavalry.
5. *Fang-yu*, or Captain.
6. *Hyau-Ki-Kyno*, or Lieutenant.

2. *Chinese.*

1. *Ti-tu*, or Commander of the Troops in a province, 4000.
2. *Chung-Kyun*, or Commander of the *Tsyang-Kyun's* Centre, 3000
3. *Tsong-ping*, or General, 3000.
4. *Fu-tsyang*, or Adjutant-general.
5. *Tsung-tsyang* or Brigade-Major.
6. *Yen-Ki*, or Colonel.
7. *Shen-pei*, or Lieutenant-colonel.
8. *Tsyen-tsung* or Captain.
9. *Pa tsong*, or Lieutenant.
10. *Wai-wei*, or Serjeant.

The whole number of military mandarins may be estimated at 20,000. The present dynasty has been extremely solicitous to maintain an efficient standing army; and established, some short time since, public examinations for the military, with a regular gradation of honorary titles, similar to those conferred on the best proficients in literature.*

MILITARY REWARDS AND HONOURS.

In war-time, the soldier receives, besides his customary pay, six months in advance, and the government gives his family part of his pay for their subsistence. The pay of a foot-soldier is about 18*s.* 4*d.* per month, and that of the cavalry 1*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

Military rewards in China are very great, especially those bestowed on officers who have fallen in defence of their country. Either their whole armour, their ashes, their bones, or their entire bodies, are conveyed to their relations. The body of an officer, or the hair of a common soldier, is thus often transported, to the distance of a thousand or fifteen hundred leagues. On these occasions, government bestows lavishly the highest rewards.

VOCATIONS OF THE CHINESE SOLDIERY.

The reigning dynasty have kept up the Chinese army to the full amount of its vast complement; but, at the same time, they maintain it on a footing which, though not unacceptable to the troops, effectually precludes their attaining any high military character. Many of them perform duty as guards along canals, rivers, and the gates of cities; some whose chief occupation is to pay honour to distinguished strangers—to put on the satin boots and quilted petticoats of great men. Others are employed in the towns as police-officers, where the little resistance they encounter cannot enure them to any exercise of prowess. But the greater number are located on little pieces of ground, from the produce of which, in addition to a small pay, they draw their subsistence. These men must be always more farmers than soldiers.

The force stationed near the capital, along the frontier, and in the conquered countries, is probably of a different and more martial description. It consists chiefly of Tartars,—a people of warlike habits, and whom the present government seeks, of course, to render as effective as possible. Every individual of this nation is, at his birth, enrolled as a soldier. He receives high pay and occasional donations, and follows, it is probable, no other profession than that of arms. The whole of the Tartars,* therefore, with the limited number of natives joined to them, may be considered as the standing army. They have, indeed, only partially adopted the improved arms and discipline which have given such a superiority to European troops. Their artillery is scanty, and in bad condition, the bow and the sabre, as in the days of Zinghis, being still the favourite weapon. The science of war must be in a very low state, if, as Mr. Ellis observes, bodily strength and courage be still accounted the chief requisites in a commander. The troops are generally said to be divided into five classes; viz. Tartar cavalry armed with the sabre; Tartar infantry armed with the bow; Chinese infantry armed with bows; the same infantry armed with matchlocks; lastly, tigers of war, who bear before them shields painted with strange and grotesque figures, with the view of terrifying the enemy! It is much to be suspected that these last gentlemen, with their formidable gorgon-shields, if they at all frighten the British soldier, it will be into hysterics—of laughter.

The Chinese have a very low reputation as soldiers, and it has been confidently asserted, that they are naturally poltroons. Such a conclusion, however, may have been formed on very hasty grounds. The impression that China is wholly inefficient as a military power, appears to have been too hastily admitted by travellers passing through the interior, who saw only the unwarlike detachments stationed on the public roads and canals. The present state and recent history of the empire seem to warrant a different conclusion. It has subdued, and still holds in subjection, the warlike tribes of Mongolia and Bucharia, from whom have sprung the most celebrated of the Asiatic conquerors. Her forces in the Thibet war vanquished the Nepaulese, generally considered the bravest nation in Hindostan. There seems little doubt, therefore, that the empire contains troops of a more formidable character than those which, on occasions of ceremony, appear on parade in the presence of the foreign embassies.

* Encyc. Metropol. p. 562, sub articulo China.

* It was the striking contrast between the supineness and inactivity of a Chinese Emperor, compared with the high spirit and intrepidity of the invader of his country, which begat the proverb, that "he had caught a Tartar."

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE ROBIN.

(For the Mirror.)

SWEET minstrel of the garden-bower,
The tell-tale of the coming Spring,
Ere buttercup, or daisy flower,
Their first-born vernal offerings bring.

No longer can'st thou charm my ear
At eve, or "purple-vested morn,"
With notes that I have loved to hear,
So softly on the breezes borne.

Hushed is that liquid, airy voice,
That plaintive song, those "wood-notes wild,"
Which oft have made my heart rejoice,
And winter's cheerless gloom beguiled.

And as thy music-notes no more,
Shall with their pensive warblings rise,
E'en so the bard—his fond lay o'er,
Unnoticed—or unpitied—dies!

J. F.

YELLOW HAIR.

THE women of old time most loved yellow hair, and it is found that they introduced this colour by saffron, and by long sitting daily in the sun; others, instead of saffron, sometimes used medicated sulphur.*

This art of changing their hair with saffron was called *Crocuphantea*. Tertullian, observing this artifice, tells them that they are ashamed of their country, and would be Gaulish or Germanic women, so much did they disguise themselves; whereby is known how much red hair was esteemed in the old time.

St. Cyprian and St. Jerome with Tertullian pronounced, that the seeking by art to procure red-tinted hair, presaged to the person who sought it, the fire and red flames of hell.

Galen affirms† that in his time, numbers of women died with the head-ache; neither could there be any remedy applied to this evil, because they stood a long time bare-headed in the sun, to render their hair yellow; and he reports, that for the same cause, some of them lost their hair, and became bald, and were reduced to Ovid's remedy for that defect, either to borrow other women's hair, or to ransack the graves of the dead for a dishonest supply.

Tertullian, speaking hereupon, says,‡ that women were punished for this, their lasciviousness, for that by reason of their daily long abode in the sun, their heads were often most grievously hurt with the head-ache, and it seems when this folly was grown habitual to them, it degenerated into dotage; for Lucian§ very satirically derides an old woman, who, notwithstanding she was seventy years of age, yet would she have her hair of a yellow tincture, and exhorts the old mother to desist from her folly; for though she could colour her silver hairs, yet she could not recal her youth.

The Venetian women, even at this day, and the Paduan, and those of Verona and other parts of Italy, practise the same vanity, and receive the same recompense for their affectation, there being in all these cities, open and manifest examples, of those who have undergone a kind of martyrdom to render their hair yellow.

Schenckius relates the history of a certain noble gentlewoman,* about sixteen or seventeen years of age, who would expose her bare head to the fervent heat of the sun daily for some hours, that she might obtain long and yellow hair, by anointing it with a certain unguent; and although she obtained the effect of her desires, yet therewith she procured to herself a violent head-ache, and bled almost every day abundantly through the nose; and, on a time, being desirous to stop the blood by the pressing of her nostrils, not far from her right eye towards her temple, through a pore, as it were by a hole made with a needle's point, the blood burst out abundantly, and taking away her fingers, again caused it to run through her nose, with other evil causes, which laid her dangerously ill.

Another maiden, also, by using this same art, became almost blind with sore eyes.†

Painting the hair blue or red has been anciently noted by many poets, who took occasion to describe it, as may be seen in Pliny and Ovid.

Had these women known the secrets of the cosmetic art invented to this effect, especially the harmless and unknown rarity of Lusitanus,‡ they might have gone a better way to work; or had they known the tincture which the Egyptian women used to colour their hands and feet into a golden hue,§ they would then have had nothing which they might more securely use to gild their hair, neither would they have needed to have burned themselves in the sunbeams, and divers ways offend their heads; and Johannes Franciscus the physician, observing the exemplary punishments which some of these ladies brought upon themselves by an ambition at having yellow hair, says:—"So they who are studious to augment their beauty, oftentimes deform themselves."

This yellow hair was esteemed so great a rarity, that oftentimes also the natural crop was shaven off, and a yellow periwig clapped on instead; this Martial happily ridicules:—

The golden hair that Galla wears,
Is hers—who would have thought it?
She swears 'tis hers—and true she swears,
For I—know where she bought it.

This, indeed, is carried to a great extent in the Low Countries, where the Jewish women, who are all black-haired by nature, wear great yellow periwigs instead:—Golden-haired Venuses of the Pays Bas!

* Dr. John Bulwer's Artificial Changeling.
† Galen. lib. i., de vestimentis localibus, cap. 19.
‡ Tertullian. lib. de ornatu fœminarum.
§ Lucian in Epigram.

* Schenckius Observat. Lib.
† Johannes Franciscus, med. Camicensis.
‡ Lusitanus cent. 3 curat. 59.
§ Prosper. Alpinus. lib. de plantis. Egypt. cap. 13.

GEMS
FROM PHILOSOPHERS AND DIVINES.
No. I.

"If these little sparks of holy fire which I have heaped together, do not give life to your prepared and already enkindled spirit, yet they will sometimes help to entertain a thought, to actuate a passion, to employ and hallow a fancy."—*Bishop Taylor.*

Comely Virtue.

VIRTUE is like a rich stone, best plain set. Cleanliness and the civil beauty of the body was ever esteemed to proceed from a modesty of behaviour. We read of Jezebel, that she painted her face; but there is no such report of Esther or Judith.—*Lord Bacon.*

Ambition and Cæsar.

St. Austin, with his mother, Monica, was led one day, by a Roman Prætor, to see the tomb of Cæsar. Himself thus describes the corpse, "It looked of a blue mould, the bone of the nose laid bare, the flesh of the nether lip quite fallen off, his mouth full of worms, and, in his eye-pit, a hungry toad feasting upon the remanent portion of flesh and moisture;" and so *he* dwelt in his house of darkness.—*Bishop Taylor.*

Dress: a moral for Christmas.

I warrant you, there was many a jolly damsel at that time (the Nativity) in Bethlehem, yet amongst them all, there was not one found that would humble herself so much as once to go see poor Mary in the stable, and to comfort her. No, no; they were too fine to take so much pains. I warrant you, they had their bracelets, and fardingals, and were trimmed with all manner of fine and costly raiment, like as there be many now-a-days amongst us, which study nothing else but how they may devise fine raiment; and, in the mean season, they suffer poor Mary to lie in the stable; that is to say, the poor people of GOD they suffer to perish for lack of necessaries. But what was her swaddling clothes wherein she laid the king of heaven and earth! No doubt it was poor gear, peradventure it was her handkerchief which she took from her head.—*Bishop Latimer.*

Learning.

Know, next religion, there is nothing accompliseth a man more than learning. Learning in a lord, is as a diamond in gold. *Dr. Fuller.*

Early Death typified by a Rose.

So have I seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and, at first, it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven, as a lamb's fleece; but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age; it bowed the head, and broke its stalk; and at night, having lost some of its leaves, and all its beauty, it fell, &c.—*Bishop Taylor.*

Ignorance and Intelligence.

Tell a plain countryman, that the sun, or some higher or lesser star is much bigger than his cart-wheel; or, at least, so many scores bigger than the whole earth; he laughs thee to scorn, as affecting admiration with a learned untruth; yet the scholar, by the eye of reason, doth as plainly see and acknowledge this truth, as that his hand is bigger than his pen.—*Bishop Hall.*

The Skeleton.

A naked cage of bone,
From whence the winged soul long since is flown.
Dr. Fuller.

Pleasures of Understanding.

It is not the eye that sees the beauties of the heaven, nor the ear that hears the sweetness of music, or the glad tidings of a prosperous accident, but the soul that perceives all the relishes of sensual and intellectual perfections; and the more noble and excellent the soul is, the greater and more savoury are its perceptions. And if a child beholds the rich ermine, or the diamonds of a starry night, or the order of the world, or hears the discourses of an Apostle, he makes no reflex act upon himself.—*Bishop Taylor.*

Dangerous Examination of Latimer.

At last, I was brought forth to be examined, in a chamber hanged with arras, where I was wont to be examined, but now, at this time, the chamber was somewhat altered. For whereas, before there was wont ever to be a fire in the chimney, now the fire was taken away, and an arras hanging hanged over the chimney. There was among these bishops that examined me, one with whom I had been very familiar, and took him for my great friend, an aged man. Then, among all other questions, he put forth one, a very subtle and crafty one, and such a one, indeed, as I could not think so great danger in. And when I should make answer, "I pray you, Master Latimer," saith he, "speak out; I am very thick of hearing, and here be many that sit far off." I marvelled at this, that I was bidden to speak out, and began to misdeem, and gave an ear to the chimney. And, sir, there I heard a pen walking in the chimney, behind the cloth. They had appointed one to write all my answers, for they made sure work of me. But God gave me answer, I never else could have escaped it.—*Bishop Latimer.*

Compassion to others.

If a man be compassionate towards the afflictions of others, it shews that his heart is like the noble tree that is wounded itself when it gives the balm.—*Lord Bacon.*

Human Resolutions.

I have seen a fair structure begun with art and care, and raised to half its stature, and then it stood still by the misfortune or negligence of the owner; and the rain descended and dwelt in its joints, and supplanted the contexture of its pillars, and having stood awhile, like the antiquated temple of a deceased oracle, it fell into a hasty age, and sunk upon its own knees, and so descended into ruin; so is the imperfect, unfinished spirit of man; it lays the foundation of a holy resolution, and strengthens it with vows and arts of prosecution; it raises up the walls, sacraments, and prayers, reading, and holy ordinances; and holy actions begin with a slow motion, and the building stays, and the spirit is weary, and the soul is naked and exposed to temptation, and in the days of storm, takes in everything that can do it mischief; and is faint and sick, listless and tired, and it stands till its own weight wearies the foundation, and then declines to death and sad disorders. *Bishop Taylor.*

Every one in his Humour.

One asked a barber, who never before had been at the court, what he saw there? "Oh," said he, "the king was excellently well trimmed!"—*Dr. Fuller.*

Prayer of a discomposed Mind.

Prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts; it is the daughter of charity, and the sister of meekness. He who prays with a troubled and discomposed spirit, is like to him that retires into a battle to meditate. For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest, than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of its wings; till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over, and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing as if it had learned musick and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air about his ministries here below: so is the prayer of a good man, &c.—*Bishop Taylor.* S6.

ORIGINAL OF PARSON ADAMS.

It is stated by one of Fielding's early biographers, that the Rev. Mr. Young, a learned and much esteemed friend of the author, was the original of the excellent and amusing parson.

It is added, that the likeness was very remarkable; Mr. Young had as close an intimacy with the Greek authors, and as passionate a veneration for Æschylus, as Adams himself; the overflowings of his benevolence were as strong—his fits of reverie were as frequent, and occurred, too, upon the most interesting occasions.

When he was chaplain, for instance, in a regiment serving in Flanders, he thought proper, one fine summer's evening, to indulge himself in a walk, during which, struck with the charms of the landscape, and perhaps, with some appropriate passage in his beloved Æschylus, he extended his studies till he arrived very quickly within the enemy's lines, and was only brought to a stand by the repeated challenge of "Qui va là!"

The officer in command, on hearing the merits of the case, and finding the unpremeditated nature of the visit, with the unaffected simplicity of his prisoner, gave him leave to pursue his classical researches in a walk home again.

THE HUMAN FACE,

AS COMPARED WITH OTHER MAMMALIA.

The two organs which occupy most of the face, are those of smelling and tasting, (including those of mastication, &c.) In proportion as these parts are more developed, the size of the face, compared to that of the cranium, is augmented. On the contrary, when the brain is large, the volume of the cranium is increased in proportion to that of the face. A large cranium and small face indicate, therefore, a large brain, with considerable organs of smelling, tasting, masticating, &c.; while a small cranium, with a large face, shew that these proportions are reversed.

The nature and character of each animal must depend considerably on the relative energy of its different functions. The brain is the common centre of the nervous system. All our perceptions are conveyed to this part, as a *sensorium commune*; and this is the organ by which the mind combines and compares these perceptions, and draws inferences from them; by which, in short, it reflects and thinks. We shall find that animals partake in a greater degree of this latter faculty, in proportion as the mass of medullary substance, forming their brain, exceeds that which constitutes the rest of the nervous system; or, in other words, in proportion as the organ of the mind exceeds those of the senses. Since then, the relative proportions of the cranium and face indicate also those of the brain, and the two principal external organs, we shall not be surprised to find that they point out to us, in great measure, the general character of animals, the degree of instinct and docility which they possess.

Man combines by far the largest cranium with the smallest face; and animals deviate from these relations in proportion as they increase in stupidity and ferocity.

One of the most simple methods (though sometimes, indeed, insufficient,) of expressing the relative proportions of these parts, is by means of the facial line.* This angle is most open, or approaches most nearly to a right angle in the human subject; it becomes constantly more acute, as we descend in the scale, from man; and in several birds, reptiles, and fishes, it is lost altogether, as the cranium and face are completely on a level. The idea of stupidity is associated, even by the vulgar, with the elongation of the snout; hence the stupidity of the *crane* and *snipe* has become proverbial. On the contrary, when the facial line is elevated by any cause which does not increase the capacity of the cranium, as in the *elephant* and *owl*, by the cells which separate the two tables, the animal acquires a particular air of intelligence, and gains the credit of qualities, which he does not, in reality, possess. Hence, the latter animal, has been selected as the emblem of the goddess of wisdom. The invaluable remains of Grecian art shew that the ancients were well acquainted with these circumstances —they were aware that an elevated facial line formed one of the grand characters of beauty, and indicated a noble and generous nature. Hence, they have extended the facial angle to 90° in the representation of men, on whom they wished to bestow an august character; and in the representation of their gods and heroes, they have even carried it beyond a right angle, and made it 100°.

It must, however, be allowed, that the facial angle is of chief importance in its application to the cranium of the human subject, and of the *quadrumana;* as various circumstances affect the conclusions which would result from employing it in other classes of mammalia. Thus, in the *carnivorous*, and some of the *ruminating* animals, in the *pig*, and particularly in the *elephant*, the great size of the frontal sinuses produces an undue elevation of the facial line. In many of the *rodentia*, as the *hare*, &c., the nose occupies so large a space, that the cranium is thrown quite back, and presents no point on a front view, from which this line can be drawn.

The following are the angles formed by drawing a line along the floor of the nostrils, and intersecting it by another, which touches the anterior margin of the upper alveoli, and the convexity of the cranium (whether the latter point be concealed by the face or not.)

European infant	90°
adult	85
Adult negro	70
Ourang-outang	67
Long-tailed monkeys	65
Baboons	40 to 30
Polecat	31
Pug-dog	35
Mastiff; the line passing along the outer surface of the skull	41
Ditto, inner ditto	30
Leopard; inner surface	28
Hare	30
Ram	30
Horse	23
Porpoise	25

In the 3d and 4th tables of Cuvier's *Tableau Elémentaire de l'Histoire Naturelle*, the crania of several mammalia are represented in profile; so as to afford a sufficient general notion of the varieties in the facial angle. A similar comparative view, in one plate, is given by White, in his account of the *Regular Gradation*, &c., from the work of Camper.

The mode of comparison instituted by Cuvier, shews the relative proportions of the cranium and face, much more satisfactorily than that of Camper. This learned naturalist, makes a vertical section of the skulls of different races of men, and the various classes of animals, and then compares the relative proportion of the cavity of the cranium to that of the section of the face. In the European, the area of the section of the cranium is four times as large as that of the face; the lower jaw not being included. The proportion of the face is somewhat larger in the *negro;* and it increases again in the *ourang-outang*. The area of the cranium is about double that of the face in the *monkies*; in the *baboons*, and in most of the *carnivorous mammalia*, the two parts are nearly equal. The face exceeds the cranium in most of the other classes. Among the *rodentia*, the *hare* and *marmot* have it one third larger; in the *porcupine*, and the *ruminantia*, the area of the face is about double that of the cranium; nearly triple in the *hippopotamus*, and almost four times as large in the *horse*. In reptiles and fishes, the cranium forms a very inconsiderable portion of the section of the head, although it is considerably larger than the brain which it contains.

The outline of the face, when viewed in such a section as just described, forms, in the human subject, a triangle, the longest side of which, is the line of junction between the cranium and face. This extends, obliquely, backwards and downwards, from the root of the nose towards the foramen occipitale. The front of the face, or the anterior line of the triangle, is the shortest of the three. The face is so much elongated, even in the *simiæ*, that the line of junction of the cranium and face, is the shortest side of the triangle; and the anterior one the longest. These propor-

* The application of the *facial line*, instituted by Camper, is most minutely explained in his posthumous work "On the Natural Differences of the Features," &c. Like Daubenton, he draws on the profile of the cranium two straight lines, which intersect each other; but in different directions from those of the French anatomist. A horizontal line passes through the external auditory passage, and the bottom of the cavity of the nose; this is intersected by a more *perpendicular* one, proceeding from the convexity of the forehead, to the most prominent point of the upper jaw, or of the intermaxillary bone. The latter is the proper *facial* line; and the angle which it forms with the horizontal line, determines, according to Camper, the differences of the crania of animals, as well as the national physiognomy of the various races of mankind.

tions become still more considerable in other mammalia.

Among the composite features of the face, the want of the os intermaxillare* has been regarded as a chief characteristic of the human subject—as one of the leading circumstances which distinguish man from other mammalia. That this bone is really wanting in man, must be allowed, notwithstanding the doubts of Vicq d'Azyr. The well-known transverse slit,† behind the alveoli of the incisors in the human fœtus, would form a very slight and remote analogy between the human structure, and that of animals; and when we consider, that the superior or facial surface of the maxillary bones, so far from being marked by any suture, does not even bear a slit like that of the inferior part, it must be put entirely out of the question.

That all other mammalia possess this bone, is not quite so clear as that it is wanting in man. In addition to those stated, it may be observed, that the head of an *ourang outang*, in the Hunterian Museum, which possesses all the other sutures, wants those which separate the intermaxillary bone. Tyson did not find this bone in his specimen of the animal, which was very young, (see his *Anatomy of the Pigmy*) and it did not exist in a cranium which was delineated by Daubenton. Lawrence says, that he has also seen the crania of other monkies in which the sutures were all perfect and distinct, although this bone was wanting.

TOMBS OF MAILED KNIGHTS.

THERE are few things more imposing than the stiff and prostrate effigies on the tombs of men, who, in their time, have been so restless and so daring; the pious attitude in which these antique monuments are usually sculptured, contrast sadly with the mockery of mail and shield, and knightly sword. While all above is stone—all below is dust. But there is one peculiar expression which the rude statuaries of those old times never fail to give, or, at least, the stone to take—and that is a kind of stern serenity, which seems to smile in conscious pride, of former deeds of high renown:—

> "Haughty their stillness looks, and high,
> Like a sleep whose dreams are of victory."

* The upper jaw-bones of other mammalia do not, as in man, touch each other under the nose, and contain all the upper teeth; but they are separated by a peculiar single or double *intermaxillary bone*, which is, in a manner, locked between the former, and holds the incisor teeth of such animals as are provided with these teeth.

† How far the alveolar portion of the superior maxillary bones marked by the fissure between them may be regarded as a rudiment of an intermaxillary bone, has been ably shown by Goethe, in the first vol. of his *Morphologie*.

Public Journals.

QUARTERLY REVIEW. NO. CXXXIII.

[IN this, the hundred and thirty-third number of the Quarterly, are some good judgments on the "Orators of America."

The batch may be divided into the cultivated, and their opposites. The uncultivated Orators of Congress, are bold, nervous, and original, but like the "swelling gourd" that "crept forth" in earth's most ancient garden, they are vastly big and tumid, while their arguments ramify into side-shoots and tendrils innumerable. They are, to use another figure, wielders of an oratorical *baton*, which, instead of being ornate and shorn of its protuberant wood-knots, resembles that manufactured for the "king of men, Achilles," which, according to Dan Homer, was roughened by the absurd artificer with knobs of bulby gold.

The cultivated minds are of course superior —Webster is fine, Everett noble—but yet place either laterally by Burke or Chatham, and where is majesty, where is strength!—]

PATRICK HENRY.

Henry's information was very limited, and he was much disinclined to study. "Take my word for it," was his remark to a friend in advanced life, "we are too old to read books: read men—they are the only volumes we can read to advantage. What he did read was always ready for use. Mr. Lee (the Cicero of the Virginian Assembly) was descanting tediously till a late hour, on the beauties of Don Quixote. Henry assented, but added, "you have overlooked in your eulogy one of the finest things in the book—the divine exclamation of Sancho—"Blessings on the man who first invented sleep, it covers one all over, like a cloak." Henry's maiden speech is thus well described:—

> And now came the first trial of Patrick Henry's strength. No one had ever heard him speak, and curiosity was on tiptoe. He rose very awkwardly, and faltered much in his exordium. The people hung their heads at so unpromising a commencement; the clergy were observed to exchange sly looks at each other; and his father is described as having almost sunk with confusion from his seat. But these feelings were of short duration, and soon gave place to others of a very different character. For now were those wonderful faculties which he possessed, for the first time, developed; and now was first witnessed that mysterious and almost supernatural transformation of appearance which the fire of his own eloquence never failed to work in him. For as his mind rolled along, and began to glow from its own action, all the *exuvia* of the clown seem to shed themselves spontaneously. His attitude, by degrees became erect and lofty. The spirit of his genius awakened all his features . . . . They say that the people, whose countenance had fallen as he arose, had heard but a very few sentences, before they began to look up; then to look at each other with surprise, as if doubting the evidence of their own senses; then, attracted by some strong gesture, struck by some majestic attitude, fascinated by the spell of his eye, the charms of his emphasis, and the varied and commanding expression of his countenance, they could look away no more. In less than twenty minutes, they might be seen in every part of the house, on every bench, in every window, stepping forward from their stands, in death-like silence; their features fixed in amazement and awe; all their senses listening

and rivetted upon the speaker, as if to catch the last strain of some heavenly visitant.

Henry's reputation was now established; after this, however, instead of refining his manner or improving his dress, he took a delight in their plainness, and would often come into court attired in a coarse hunting jacket, greasy leather breeches, and with a pair of saddle-bags under his arm. He had also contracted, or affected, the vulgar style of pronunciation, as:—"*Naiteral* parts *is* better than all the *larning* upon *yearth*"—though his friends deny the *is*.

JOHN ADAMS.

Prior to his appearance in Congress, Adams had obtained great celebrity at the bar. He defended Captain Preston, prosecuted for firing on the people in 1770. Indeed, the ablest advocate on the floor was John Adams, "who poured forth his passionate appeals in language, which moved his hearers from their seats." He was, as Jefferson called him, "The Colossus of the Congress," and his speech in support of the Declaration is above all praise. This is the way he would commence with his accustomed directness and earnestness:

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence; but there's a Divinity which shapes our ends. Independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why then should we defer the Declaration? For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed Commander of the forces, raised or to be raised, for defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him! The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence? . . . . .

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs; but I see, I see clearly, through this day's business. You and I indeed may rue it. We may not live to the time when this Declaration shall be made good. We may die! die colonists! die slaves! die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold! Be it so—be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country should require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country. . . .

But whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured, that this Declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honour it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before heaven, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of heaven, it shall be my dying sentiment; independence now—and INDEPENDENCE FOR EVER!

Two other famous speakers of the ante-revolutionary period, were John Rutledge and James Otis. The latter argued the great question of writs of assistance (a sort of general warrant) in 1761; and his speech is thus described in one of John Adams's letters:—"Otis was a flame of fire! With a promptitude of classical allusion, a depth of research, a rapid summary of historical events and dates, a profusion of legal authorities, a prophetic glance of his eye into futurity, and a rapid torrent of impetuous eloquence, he hurried away all before him. American independence was then and there born. Every man of an immense crowded audience appeared to me to go away, as I did, ready to take arms against writs of assistance."

Fisher Ames has also celebrated his name by many fine speeches. Mr. Ames, in one, reminds his countrymen that, "Though America is rising with a giant's strength, its bones are yet but cartilages." Burke, in his speech on American affairs, delivered in 1772, calls the Americans "a nation in the gristle;" and Talleyrand, on his return from the United States, described them as "un geant sans os ni nerfs."

MR. JUSTICE STORY.

Mr. Justice Story has established an enduring reputation amongst the lawyers of all countries, by his Commentaries on the Conflict of Laws. In his miscellaneous writings, his best discourses are collected,—and lasting monuments they form to his taste, knowledge, truth of feeling, and grasp of thought. Our classical readers will readily give us credit for the justice of this commendation, when they read the defence of their favourite studies, of which this passage forms part:—

There is not a single nation, from the north to the south of Europe, from the bleak shores of the Baltic to the bright plains of immortal Italy, whose literature is not embedded in the very elements of classical learning. The literature of England is, in an emphatic sense, the production of her scholars; of men who have cultivated letters in her universities, and colleges, and grammar-schools; of men who thought any life too short, chiefly because it left some relic of antiquity unmastered, and any other fame humble because it faded in the presence of Roman and Grecian genius. He who studies English literature without the lights of classical learning loses half the charms of its sentiments and style, of its force and feelings, of its delicate touches, of its delightful allusions, of its illustrative associations. Who that reads the poetry of Gray, does not feel that it is the refinement of classical taste which gives such inexpressible vividness and transparency to his diction? Who that reads the concentrated sense and melodious versification of Dryden and Pope, does not perceive in them the disciples of the old school, whose genius was inflamed by the heroic verse, the terse satire, and the playful wit of antiquity? Who that meditates over the strains of Milton, does not feel that he drank deep at

"Siloa's brook that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God."

that the fires of his magnificent mind were lighted by coals from ancient altars?

EDWARD EVERETT.

Edward Everett is one of the most remarkable men living. He is a native of Massachussets, and was born about 1796. At nineteen he had already acquired the reputation of an accomplished scholar, and was drawing large audiences as an Unitarian preacher. At twenty-one he was appointed Professor of Greek in Harvard University. M. Cousin, who was with him in Germany, informed a friend of ours that he was one of the best Grecians he ever knew, and the translator of Plato must have known a good many of the best.

In the United States, the clerical (so called) profession is taken up or thrown off almost at pleasure. Mr. Everett got so sick of it during his early trials, that he retains a marked aversion to the pulpit, and generally insists upon a stage or rostrum when he has to deliver an anniversary discourse. He was eight years a member for Congress, but failing to get re-elected in 1839, he has since lived in comparative retirement.

Mr. Everett's chief qualifications as an orator are a clear sweet voice, and a prodigious memory; his addresses are graceful, polished, high-toned and flowing, with a kind of Ciceronian richness and redundancy. Mr. Macaulay has produced many a gorgeous piece of historical painting, but he has produced nothing more impressive than Mr. Everett's description of the landing of the first settlers:—

I see them escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth,—weak and weary from their voyage,—poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their ship-master for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore,—without shelter, —without means,—surrounded by hostile tribes. Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers? Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventurers, of other times, and find the parallel of this. Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children; was it hard labour and spare meals; was it disease; was it the tomahawk; was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments at the recollection of the loved and left beyond the sea; was it some, or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible that, from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, a reality so important, a promise yet to be fulfilled so glorious?

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Daniel Webster was born in 1782, the son of a New Hampshire farmer. He was called to the bar in 1805; became a member of Congress in 1812. After 1816, he gave up all his time to his profession. Many of his law-arguments are excellent, witness his speech on the prosecution of Knapp, tried for murder:—

The room was uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the grey locks of his aged temples, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death! It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he yet plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder—no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The *secret* is his own, and it is safe!

Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook or corner, where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds everything as in the splendour of noon—such secrets of guilt are never safe, &c., &c.

The late Rowland Hill understood human nature well. His Chapel having been infested with pickpockets, he took occasion, in like manner, to remind the congregation that there was an all-seeing Providence, to whom all hearts are open, and from no secrets are hid; "but lest," he added, "there may be any present who are insensible to such reflections, I beg leave to state that there are also two Bow-street officers on the look out."

In compliance with the suggestion of David Hume,—who says that criticism is nearly useless, unless the critic quotes innumerable examples,—we have given specimens enough to enable our readers to form an opinion for themselves regarding the degree of excellence attained by the public speakers of the United States; but we have been naturally more anxious to illustrate their merits than their demerits, and must be pardoned, therefore, for briefly noticing their two prominent defects. These are their lengthiness, and their magniloquence. Few American orators appear to have the slightest notion that too many words or topics may be employed, or that an effect may be produced by simplicity. Reversing the method of Demosthenes—who, according to Lord Brougham, never came back upon the same ground, and always ended quietly,—they never know when they have said enough, and generally conclude, like a melodrame, with a blaze.

The constant straining after effect is another of their obvious failings; they have no notion of repose or simplicity; they never stand at ease; they live, and move, and have their being upon stilts. *Action, action, action,* says the Greek; *metaphor, metaphor, metaphor,* cries the American. "Get money," says the old-world adage, "honestly if you

can—at all events get money."—*quocunque modo rem.* "Be eloquent," says the American, "naturally if you can—at all events be eloquent." The German professor (we suspect, Dr. Von Raumer) was found jumping over the chairs and tables to make himself lively, and the Transatlantic orator may be seen slapping his forehead, beating his breast, puffing, blowing, and perspiring, to make himself sublime. There cannot be a stronger proof of their weakness in this particular, than the fact of the Irish looking tame, chaste, and abstemious, alongside of them. It will readily be admitted that the natives of the Green Isle are fond of flowers, and not over nice in their selection, but they do not insist upon passing off faded or artificial ones as fresh bouquets of their own gathering. They invoke the genius of their country too often, and lay too many chaplets on her shrine, but they are not eternally dancing around her, like the Philanthropists in the Anti-jacobin, with sun-flowers and holly-hocks in their hands.

New Books.

The Connexion of Wales with the early Science of England. By J. O. Halliwell, Esq., F. R. S.; &c. [Rodd.]

THE above interesting pamphlet is a contribution on the part of its talented editor, to effect an union between the historical researches of England and Wales—"a consummation devoutly to be wished,"—and we are assured the furtherance of such a task could not, possibly, have fallen into better hands than those of Mr. Halliwell, who has here presented us with many new and highly interesting biographical and literary memoirs of that eminent Welshman, *Robert Recorde*,* an illustrious author, whose memory has never enjoyed its fair meed of fame, who was "the first original writer on arithmetic in English; the first on geometry; the first who introduced the knowledge of algebra into England; the first writer on astronomy in English; the first in this country who adopted the Copernican system; the inventor of the present method of extracting the square-root; the inventor of the sign of equality; the inventor of the method of extracting the square-root of multinomial algebraic quantities." For a list of the titles of his various works, and of his pitiable death, we must refer the reader to the *brochure* itself, where mention is also made of that celebrated tract, entitled *Speculum Christiani*, which has been proved to belong to one *John Morys*, a Welshman, who must have flourished in the first half of the fifteenth century.

If other thirsters and searchers after real knowledge like Mr. Halliwell, would but "put their shoulders to the wheel," what a host of, at present, unknown treasures could be worked out of the mine of Welsh literature. But, as "the ice is now broken," we feel assured the known love and exalted pride the ancient Britons have always shown for the land of their birth, will cause its nobles and worthies to search their records, and throw open to the intellectual world, all the treasures which they doubtlessly contain.

We most heartily conjure our readers to revel in a perusal of Mr. Halliwell's pamphlet.

* For some interesting *notitiæ* of this gifted scholar, vide *Mirror*, vol. xxxiv. p. 44.

Fables and Proverbs for Children. [Joseph Thomas.]

THE mode of conveying instruction to children by fable has, from the earliest period, been considered the most ready and the most pleasing—inculcating, in such fascinating and familiar language, precepts of virtue to be imitated, or of vice to be shunned. Impressed with this belief, we hail with pleasure the above collection, so congenial as a fire-side companion and Mentor, to amuse the fancy, improve the mind, and enliven the merry hearts of our little ones. To add to its worth, each fable is accompanied by appropriate proverbs and pictorial illustrations.

Speech delivered at a Meeting for the Establishment of a Club for the Middle Classes. By Thomas Campbell, Esq. [F. Schoberl.]

IT is deliciously refreshing in these days to revel on any production emanating from the gifted author of the undying "Pleasures of Hope;" whose speech on the formation of the Alpha Club forms the subject matter of the above pamphlet, in which the peculiar vigour of thought, knowledge of society, and invaluable advice of the orator, is pre-eminent throughout. In this effusion, Mr. Campbell portrays the great advantages likely to arise, from the creation of the above and similar clubs, to the Middle classes. "You call yourselves," says he, "the Alpha Club. I hail that letter as a goodly omen—I trust I shall live to see a whole alphabet of such clubs, from alpha even unto omega, established; and if my humble efforts can be of the slightest use to you, such as they are, and humble as they are, they shall be at your service. Your project is not new to my mind. It has long been a subject of my thoughts. In looking round the club-houses of London, I have a thousand times said to myself, 'How is this! All the rich men of this mighty metropolis, all those who are ambitious to be thought rich, and who frequent wealthy company, all these have their club-houses—the titled men, the political men, the university men, the naval and military men, have built themselves palaces of social resort—nay, the very dustmen have had their gin-palaces erected for them. But the vast and valuable class—the middle class, who can neither afford the palace club-house of lord-

lings, nor condescend to the gin-palace of the dustman; this middle class, who constitute the very thews and sinews and moral strength of society, men who are too respectable to make the public house their daily haunt, and yet have a natural yearning for society, for conversation, and for the sight of such a variety of books and newspapers as may give them, so to speak, a coloured map of public events, and of contemporary opinions—how is it that the aforesaid men, as if they were destitute of gregarious instinct, have built for themselves no houses for the purpose of social and sober resort?'"

In conclusion, we impress on the friends of the Alpha Club the judicious advice given by Mr. Campbell, at the termination of his speech, as to the government of their new Society.

Topography.

ST. PETER'S CHAPEL, QUEEN SQUARE, WESTMINSTER.

THE above place of worship, which lately received considerable damage by the fire originating in Mr. Hoare's mansion, is, perhaps, the most antique specimen of our primitive sanctuaries. It was originally a royal gift for the special use of the Judges of Westminster, and which members of the royal households used to frequent. The style of parts of the internal workmanship is indeed worthy of the highest rank. The altar-piece, which has been almost quite destroyed, has been pronounced by competent judges to be one of the finest and most curious specimens of ancient carving in oak to be seen in England. The cost of the restoration of this alone is ascertained to be near 500*l*. I may also add that this chapel has long been the field of pastoral labour of some of the most valued clergy of the metropolis; amongst others, of the venerable Romaine, Gunn, Basil Wood, Wilcox, and of the late Mr. Shepherd, who, for fifty years, held it with the lectureship of St. Giles-in-the-Fields. A most curious fact is also worth noticing, namely, that St. Peter's was, about 125 years ago, the Spanish Ambassador's chapel. In the year 1715, Dr. Robinson, then Bishop of London, issued his episcopal license for the performance, in the said chapel, of divine worship in the Spanish language, by a celebrated Spaniard, named Antonio Gavin, who was converted from popery to our church. This fact is detailed at some length in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of February, 1827, where the copy of the license, &c. is given. The license runs thus:—"Whereas the Rev. Mr. Antonio Gavin was recommended to me by the Right Hon. Lord Stanhope, and by the same and other English gentlemen I was certified that the said Rev. Mr. Gavin was a secular priest, and Master of Arts in the university of the city of Zaragoza, in the kingdom of Arragon, in Spain; this is to certify that the said Rev. Mr. Gavin, after having publicly and solemnly abjured the errors of the Romish religion, and being thereupon reconciled to the Church of England on the 3d of January, 1715, he had then my leave to officiate in the Spanish language, in the chapel of Queen's-square, Westminster," &c.

"Given under my hand, in London, the 13th of July, 1720.

"JOHN LONDON."

The above Spaniard published, amongst other works, Sermons in the Spanish language, preached in this chapel.—*Times Journal.*

Arts and Sciences.

THE CHRONOMETER OF "THE BOUNTY."

THIS chronometer, marked "Sarcum Kendal, London, A. D. 1771," fell into the hands of the captain of an American, who touched at Pitcairn's Island, shortly after the mutineers had settled themselves there. It was stolen from the American captain on the ship's passage from Juan Fernandez to Valparaiso, and next made its appearance at Conception, where it was purchased for three doubloons by an old Spaniard of the name of Castillo, who kept it in his possession till his death, which happened lately at Santiago, when his family sent it to Captain Herbert, to be conveyed to the British Museum. It appears, on being taken to be repaired by Mr. Mouat, of Valparaiso, that it was in a complete state of preservation, without the least mark of wear in any part of it. The escapement palates are rubies fixed to the verge of the balance by screw collets. Mr. Mouat speaks in high terms of the beauty of the workmanship. The chronometer is five inches in diameter, with three dials on its face, one for hours, one for minutes, and one for seconds; with an outer silver case, made as the outer cases of pocket watches were sixty or seventy years ago, so that its appearance is that of a gigantic watch. In winding it up, it was usual to pass the left arm through the opening for the face in the upper valve of the outer case, in the manner of placing the outer case of a pocket watch, on the left thumb when winding. A Chilian gentleman coming in one day, and seeing the case thus suspended, exclaimed "*Que cosa para freer huevos.*" It is now on board the Calliope, Capt. Herbert, and will, in all probability, return to the place of its construction after an absence of so many years, and that, too, without having circumnavigated the earth beyond the very small quantity of longitude between the meridian reached by the Bounty in endeavouring to double Cape Horn, and that of Santiago, the most eastern meridian the chronometer reached in Chili.—*Devonport Telegraph.*

Manners and Customs.

MARRIAGES AMONG THE NEILGHERRY PEOPLE.

The manner of the marriage of the higher classes of Rajahs is this:—The first night of the marriage the Rajah leaves the honour of his spouse to the Brahman, to purify her for her past iniquities, in the private department of the Rajahs of this country. Even after the death of Rajahs, all except Brahmans are prohibited to demand marriage with the widows of deceased Rajahs. The names of the savage tribes amongst whom this barbarism prevails are these—Tir, Nar, Maker, Wargar. These people never marry separate wives. For instance, there are six heathens, and they want to marry. They will go and look out for a girl, and marry her all at once, on this condition, that one should provide her with rice, the other with ghee, and the third oil for her head, and the fourth clothes. From this shared and common wife, who is the root of evil generally, very often sedition is fomented, and blood shed; yet they never abandon this brutality. The mode of one of the savage tribe's marriage is somewhat different from that which I have already described. The maids and bachelors who want to be married put up a small cottage with a good thick fence, so that the maids within the enclosure cannot perceive the men who stand out of it. All the maids go into the hut, and the bachelors come with long sticks in their hands, which they all at once poke into the fence in such a manner, that all the sticks may pierce the fence. Then the maids all at once catch hold of a stick. After that, the owner of the stick will be the spouse of the girl who holds his stick unseen.

GRINLIN GIBBONS.

The finest and most elaborate specimens of this fine carver's art, are to be found at Chatsworth and Petworth; Houghton and Burghley also, and Hampton Court, can boast of his works The ornamental parts of the choir of St. Paul's are his workmanship and design.

The peculiar characteristics of Gibbon's chisel are lightness, freedom, and elegance, in the flow of his line; brilliancy, depth, and facility, in his execution.

In shells and shell-fish, such as lobsters and crabs, he particularly excelled, and apparently delighted; for they are constantly introduced in his works.

A most beautiful specimen of his skill in marine productions, is to be seen at the New River House in Spafields.

His birds, feathers, and flowers, especially delicately-leaved and drooping plants, are singularly airy and real.

Walpole relates, that he carved a vase of flowers so daintily, that their leaves trembled in the wind.

AHOLIBAMAH.

FROM THE PAGE OF BYRON.

As an image of feminine softness and beauty, purely begotten by the mind of Byron, none stands before us among the many creations of his fancy, that assumes a more sweet and imposing attitude, than the character of his antediluvian Anah. A composite of all Christian graces, her character appears most lovely in our eyes, flaming with fervent love, exalted faith, and the exquisite graces of unfeigned humility. Amid the violence and corruption of the age in which she is placed, her fair virtues appear like a lily in the depth of Tartarus; and we please ourselves by the supposition that had she been prevailed upon by Japhet, to have entered the ark, and so surviving, have become a mother after the Deluge, her children would have inherited all her gracious perfections, and shone aloft as a pattern among the posterities of men.

But those acquainted with the constitution of Byron's mind—knowing that scorn, daringness, and the "cleaving curse" of infidelity, sat as so many "dark viziers" in the close conclaves of his heart—acknowledge not without pain, that this being of supreme purity and excellence, was but a secondary creation in his own esteem, created for the subservient purpose of bringing out, in forcible contrast, the character of his favourite Aholibamah. Arising out of the dark and mystic cauldron of his fancy, this was the Titanic and majestical figure, which, with all the powers of his wizardry, he toiled to summon into shape and being. As in the Endor-cave, the Gods that rose out of the earth, were "infernal," so were those starting out of Byron's mind; and even the loveliest of the lot—the Witch of the Hartz, glorious with her "hair of light," and "eyes of immortality"—she, be it remembered, was a spirit evoked from the hells of Ahrimanes, and, however, to the kindred and demon-sold spirit of Manfred, she appeared lustrous as an "angel of light," yet to the eyes "too pure to behold iniquity," no other than hideously must have shone her meretricious loveliness.

Aholibamah was, to the poet, as a golden vessel, into whom all the bright but baleful wine of his gloomy genius could be poured in large measure. In the dreams of his pillow, at night—in his hours of waking, and going to rest, his imagination, from the moment that the embryo entered its matrix, hastened towards the vasty origination of this character, till, at length, his brain shook with parturitive throes, and the magnificent form, armed at all points with his favourite infidelities, fiery prides, and exterminating scorns, sprang "terribly beautiful," like a wonder, into the world.

Among the three things that come under the reprehension of St. John, and whose influence appears to have been coexistent with humanity itself, is the "pride of life." This

was the chief ingredient in the serpent's temptation, who, failing to win Eve, by "the lust of the eye"—the specious beauty of the ruddy gold apple,—tuned for her ear, that most dulcet phrase, promissory of all aggrandizement of being, or "pride of life"—"*Ye shall be as Gods.*"

Chief characteristic this, of Aholibamah the Cainite; and not only chief, but all-absorbing. If a heart ever throbbed with imperious feeling—if heart ever rolled out its fierce torrents of blood, when proud thoughts were swelling the brow, and straining the temples—that heart was Aholibamah's. Had it been rightly directed, how effective an engine of good might it have been among the perverse generations of the day. How—had it moved with crowned ideas of virtue—might it, combined with the powers of herself as woman, have gained over the disobedient by her prowess, and quelled, without effort, the timid into awe; and thereby, have ultimately become a mighty regenerator of the race among which she so superiorly walked.

But the forest-branch, from its first curvature, only strengthens in crookedness; and pride becomes more stubborn, as it grows ancienter in years. Ancestral blood pours down undeviatingly in its course all original taints along with itself, and Aholibamah, the descendant of Cain, undiminishedly burned with all virulent Cainite passions.

Aholibamah's genealogy from Cain, is, with her, the proudest badge in her escocheon. Who taunts her with her descent from Cain? Is she not proud to be a daughter of the Slayer? Glories she not in her brethren and her fathers—strong Cain, who was begotten in Paradise—eldest born of men, bravest, and most enduring! Should she blush for him, from whom she had her being! If ever scorn curled a lip to curses—if ever eye shot fury, till its flashes scourged the vaunter like brands of living fire—it was the eye and the lip of Aholibamah, at the ignoble worm who whispered but the slander.

And why should she not be proud of her magnificent lineage? Who, among the children on Seth's side, teemed with such majesty of form and feature, as the strong and glorious Cainites? "Look upon our race!" exclaims she who was their superbest representative—"behold their stature, and their beauty; their courage, strength, and length of days!" while her own person was the most powerful enforcer of her own words. "Behold their stature and their beauty!"—and as she spake, there she stood in her gloriousness and charms, amid the light of meridian day; the sun-blaze seeming to glow with denser glory round her form, and her features subliming into lines past earthliness. Then, in the defying attitude of her answer, with insupportable lustres flamed her clear, full eye. Irradiating the air, aloft shone her gorgeous rounded arm, cinctured with diamonds; and her gemmed tresses, curling in vigorous locks on her neck, like jewelled serpents round an ivory column—caused her to seem absolutely divinified.

It would, by consequence, be naturally expected, that one who possessed so inordinate a share of beauty, and whose pride yielded to none create, should despise her race that tabernacled in clay, and should naturally desire for the heavens to be opened, that upon the great angels alone, who at this period were still visitors upon earth, she might fasten the high feelings of her heart. Creatures of clay, or formed of "red earth" were the butt of her scorn, and grovellers for her use; *her* spirit soared "ad astra," and only to spirit would be allied.

It forms a curious parallel to observe the tones employed by the two sisters, in their incantatory address for drawing down the respective angels of whom they are enamoured. Anah, whose soul, like a spice-lamp of the temple, burned with all purity, and the soft calm light of tenderness—calls upon her angel by the most endearing epithets—"Seraph dear"—"My seraph"—and "My Azaziel;" but Aholibamah, with no tender adjectival or pronominal affix, calls on her lord, plainly, boldly, and glowingly, by the single name of "Samiasa!"

Great, however, as is the angel whom she has chosen for her love—whose employments were of a superior nature—and who only sometimes deigned to partake the hymn of the inferior cherubim—she openly tells him, that "if the skies contain more joys than he can give and take," forthwith to remain in his heaven, and not to trouble himself about her.

Aholibamah is one of the nearest representatives of those whose ambitious natures lead them to be promulgators of sectarian or schismatic principles. Her intolerable pride was the moving cause that led the community to be split into divisions, so that the stronger should rule the weak. She was one of those who wished that the world were large enough, that the Nimrods of her race might drive all the inhabitants into one immeasurable park, and then rule them as they chose. This appears from the remark of Japhet, who, commending Anah for her purity and goodness, observes, that he thought Abel had in her left a daughter of his pure and pious race. Aholibamah instantly and impetuously interrupts him—

"And would'st thou have her like our father's foe
In mind and soul? If I partook thy thoughts
And dreamed that aught of Abel was in *her*—

She leaves her threat unfinished, but we may guess what objurgation would have closed it. The same fiery and turbulent spirit of hatred as characteristic of a "house divided against itself," manifests itself more conspicuously in the subsequent passage:—

Ahol. And dost thou think that we,
With Cain's, the eldest-born of Adam's blood
Warm in our veins—strong Cain! who was begotten
In Paradise—would mingle with Seth's children?
Seth, the last offspring of old Adam's dotage?

No, not to save all earth, were earth in peril.
Our race hath always dwelt apart from thine,
From the beginning, and shall do so ever.

It would be well if these moral enormities were the only pestilent produce of Aholibamah's insatiable pride; but the most offensive portion is yet undisclosed. As yet her refractory sentiments had only been, in their action and effects, of injury to man—but from this point, she proceeds to forgetfulness or, rather, denial of her Creator's power. The following sentiment, if it went no further, were indeed sublime, as she addresses Samiasa—

Ahol. Thou art immortal—so am I, I feel—
I feel my immortality o'ersweep
All pains, all tears, all time, all fears, and peal
Like the eternal thunders of the deep,
Into my ears this truth—" thou liv'st for ever!"

Had the poet ended here, well had it been, and august the termination; but this is only made by Aholibamah the basis whereon she rests an impious and atheistical assertion, namely, that being thus essentially immortal, not even her own Creator could extinguish that immortality; with other turpitudes of speech, more flagrant and reprehensible still. Here begins the blackness of the infamy. Infidelity, with an unmasked front, shows its abhorred features. Shuddering at the thought, we pursue the character no further, but, like the Grecian painter, drag a veil over the picture, which it were utter abomination to describe.

W. ARCHER.

GREECE.

GREECE is ground where every fountain has been celebrated, every stream sacred, and where every broken column, or half-buried cornice, is eloquent of other times. To turn up a brick in Greece, is a different thing from turning up a brick elsewhere. It is true that in Rome, some of Cæsar's dust may be forming a part of the bung, which secludes from the air, the barrelled wine of an effeminate cardinal; but in Greece, every grain of rubbish must have entered into the composition of a hero. Unrivalled country! What other confined and rocky spot of the earth's surface ever made such a turmoil as it has done in human affairs! What restless spirits did it give rise to! How they sung, and fought, ran, wrestled, danced, and wrote! Up to this very moment, the inhabitants of northern and distant regions, deem it of the first necessity, that their youth should learn its tongue —that they should read its authors, examine their customs, and dwell upon their sayings. The ruins of the buildings of ancient Greece are obvious enough; for the Greeks were a people to whom the elegant arts were among the arts of life; pillar, and freize, and metope, seem to have been as great necessities to them, as port-wine and bullocks to us. Creatures of taste! whatever they touched sprung into beauty; and every door-way, or window-frame, that they have left, and we can find, is a monument to their genius, in marble, which makes the fortune of a museum lucky enough to possess it. A fragment is a treasure. Babelon leaves bricks—a Grecian town is to be traced by its fallen columns, its broken statues, its votive armour, which we instal in niches, as objects of study and admiration.

ARABIANS IN PRAYER.

I HAVE seldom felt, during the divine service in our own churches, the power of holiness and religion, in all its beautiful freshness and simple purity, so forcibly, as when, suddenly, in the boundless desert; they, " whose hands are against every man's," prostrate themselves before the great Spirit that made all, and there, in the vast plain, that aptly typifies his majesty and omnipresence, offer up their simple homage. What temple so sublime! what creed, in outward show, so primitively pure! Nay, the poetry, if not the holiness, of such a scene, appears to me, aided by the reflection, that the hands, now stretched imploringly on high, have, perhaps, in fulfilment of the dire curse upon their race, been a few hours previously busied with deeds of violence or blood. Yet, may not some compunctious feeling of remorse, at such an hour, visit the breast of the wandering robber, and quell his fiery nature, even as, at times, a refreshing cloud will steal across and quell the scorching rays of his own desert sun, that lights up that vast cathedral, whose limits are space, and whose walls are not " built with hands," nor " hewn of stone!"—*Fraser's Magazine*, No. CXXXII.

FLOODS AND FIRE.

THERE is no destroyer so rapid and so resistless as floods of water. The ravages of fire are in comparison slow and even harmless. The mountain torrent is an enemy which no rampart can withstand. It beats down the weak and undermines the strong. Other assailants attack the surface only. The conflagration, which crumbles the superstructure, spares the foundation—while it destroys the erection, it touches not the site; but the rain-swollen river, in its unappeased rage, not content with levelling the works of art, directs its vengeance equally against the works of nature. In the lapse of time and in the progress of improvement, the place that once knew its lord may know his face no more; but in the instantaneous changes consequent upon the sapping and storming of an overwhelming flood, the failure of recognition is often mutual. The face of the landscape is altered as it were, in the twinkling of an eye; vallies are filled up, hills subside, long-remembered channels are dried up, plains are furrowed with unwonted courses, fertile fields are changed into lakes, lakes are converted into fields; all that was permanent passes away, all that was constant suffers mutation.

The Gatherer.

If's.—A Sicilian physician, who commented upon Galen, affirms that man might be made immortal: and adds, that he would undertake to breed infants up to be so, *qui ad hoc idonei essent, if* they were fit for the purpose. "If the sky would fall, what larks we should catch!" There is great virtue in little "*if*."

The Temple Church, (now undergoing a judicious and munificent repair) is one of the four *round churches* now only left in England; the others are at Cambridge, Northampton, and Mapleston, in Essex.

Relics.—Are you curious in relics, come to the church of All Saints, and there you find a fragment of Noah's Ark—soot from the furnace of the Three Children—the bread of St. Joseph, that Nicodemus preserved in his glove, &c., &c.—*Myconius writing to Luther*.

The Largest Malachite Vase in the world *in one piece*, is in Demidoff's house, 105, Rue St. Dominic, in Paris. For malachite to be extremely valuable, it must be in one piece, as the stone chips off like slate in the working, and these small chips are usually veneered on wooden frames.

Brazil.—In that region, nature seems to dispense her gifts most prodigally, and man may there be said to be a solitary wanderer in a wilderness of sweets.

A hundred Years and a Day.—There lately died in the department between Chalus and St. Yrieix, a centenarian, who presented this peculiarity, that he was born Nov. 25, 1740, and died Nov. 26, 1840, so that he just lived a century and a day.—*Courrier de l'Europe*.

Monte Rosa.—This is 6,500 feet above the sea; and is clad with beautifully pure snow from the summit down to the elevated plateau from which it rises.

On the Parisian Farce.

> France wondrous love her heroes gives,
> Happen what may 'tis still the same;
> *Alive*, to *flesh* she fondly cleaves—
> When *dead*, the *Bosey*-part she'll claim.
>
> R. C.

Love after Death.—Why should we believe that the dead are unconscious or heedless of the regard of the living—that they no longer contemplate the memory or behold the effects of their worldly career! Why should it be so! Are the affairs of this life too insignificant for their regard! Are they too humble for the attention of God! Is our affection disregarded by him! Why, then, should they be indifferent to it! Is there an angel in heaven who feels no delight when he learns that another creature loves him! If there be, it is time he were cast thence!

The Princess Borghese, some years since, sat to Canova for the form of his Venus Victrix.

True Economy is the child of wisdom, and the mother of independence.—*Campbell*.

New Comet.—The French papers seize with avidity the appearance of a new comet, as one of the remarkable series of prodigies by which the year 1840 is to be made famous to all future time. Nothing but this, they aver, was wanting to make it commemorable. The new comet is certainly not fictitious. Dr. Bremiker, of Berlin, has just discovered one, which was remarked also at the observatory of Vienna, on the 18th of November, and which was also observed by an astronomer at Modena on the 1st of December. This comet is not visible except with the assistance of a telescope. At this moment it is to be seen in the constellation Andromeda.

A Man of 100l. a Year.—According to classical lingo, he may be termed a "centurion of sovereigns."—*Campbell*.

A *Spirited* Reply.—"Doctor," said a hard-looking brandy-faced customer yesterday to a physician—"Doctor, I'm troubled with an oppression, an uneasiness about the breast. What do you suppose the matter is!" "All very easily accounted for," said the physician, "you have water on the chest." "Water! Come, that'll do well enough for a joke, but how could I get water on my chest, when I havn't touched a drop in fifteen years! If you had said brandy, you might have hit it."—*New York paper*.

Do you remember how the first lord in waiting served the great Mogul? Intending to catch the fly which had lighted on the imperial pate, he struck wide of the insect, and floored the emperor.

Language.—Of modern languages, the German is the organ, French the fife, and English either a trumpet or boatswain's whistle.

Amber is but a piece of mere earth, and the stone of Bologna but the fragment of a rock; yet the first has the perfume of the rose, and the second reflects the sun.

Re-enter Graves for his Hat.—"And I left my hat behind me! just like my luck! If I had been fired a hatter, little boys would have come into the world without heads."

Mr. Frantz, the Tailor, speaking.—"De tailor, de schneider, make de gentleman! It is Mr. Frantz, of St. James's who take his measure and his cloth, and who make de fine handsome noblemen and gentry, where de faders and de mutters make only de ugly little naked boys!"—"*Money*" *by Bulwer*.

The sailor only knows how pleasant it is to be at sea with a wholesale breeze, with storm-sails under a laughing sun, and having their sticks almost blown out of them by a pleasant breeze.

London is fed by means of a system of canals and roads, such as never before existed on the surface of the earth.

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